

THE QUILL



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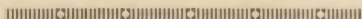
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| | |
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Amos Hiatt Junior High.

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
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| Cartoonist | Lowell Hawk |



We Welcome You.

"We have toasted all names and places,
We've toasted all kinds of games;
Why not, just for loyalty's sake,
Drink one to our teachers' names?"

THE QUILL welcomes the new teachers brought to us by our rapid increase in size. East High, let us make their welcome warm and tell them that we really appreciate their efforts to make us better citizens of this United States of ours. Especially we wish to tell Mr. Burton that the students of East High are solidly behind him and will back him to the man. Let's go more than halfway and make this year one of joy for all our teachers. We're glad you've come to East High and we'll give you our fullest support. And so, to the new teachers, a most hearty welcome.

The New Plan.

THE QUILL, this year, is to be published under a plan slightly different from that of previous years. The school board has devised a scheme of co-operative management by which the three high school papers are to be published by the same company, thereby greatly reducing the expense of publication. The business staffs of the three high school papers co-operate under the business department, represented by Mr. Teakle, of North High. Howard Wicks is our advertising manager and Edward Briggs handles the circulation. Mr. McColgan is the faculty member from East. The paper itself, according to this new plan, is to be managed by the English Department.

Early in the year Mr. Burton appointed a committee to draw up permanent by-laws governing the selection of the staff each term. Through the recommendation of that committee the following articles were adopted by the English Department:

"There shall be a student staff of twelve, ten from the three upper grades, to be appointed in June for the year following. The editor-

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in-chief and three other members shall be chosen from the school at large by the English Department; two each from the ninth, tenth and eleventh grades shall be selected by the teachers of each grade; and two from the ninth grade shall be selected in September by the teachers of that grade.

"Three members of the staff shall also serve as reporters for the daily papers; all copy submitted by them shall first be approved by a faculty adviser.

"There shall be four faculty advisers chosen the second week of the fall semester; three of these shall be elected by ballot from the English Department by the members thereof. The adviser-in-chief shall be elected at large; the second may be appointed by the principal; the third selected from the teachers of the third and fourth year English; the fourth from the teachers of the first and second years."

Our Quill is thus truly representative of the student body, since the staff members are from every class. The material for the paper is obtained in practically the same manner as it has been in years gone by. Although our business staffs co-operate, the editorial staffs of the three schools operate independently of one another. We have, however, decided to exchange a page an issue with "The Tatler" and "The Oracle." A page from The Quill, therefore, will appear in both "The Tatler" and "The Oracle," every month. East High will also have the honor of representing the "Junior High" of the old Grammar School building. The "Juniors" will have one page a month in The Quill.

Because The Quill is now directed by the English Department, Miss Patterson asked not to be included in the faculty advisory staff. Right here we wish to extend, in behalf of East High, present and past, our appreciation and regard for the faithful and efficient service Miss Patterson has given in making The Quill a success for so many years. Everyone remembers the exceptional Quills Miss Patterson always gave us. Here's to Miss Patterson!!!

To the Class of 1922.

TO THE class of 1922 East High extends a hearty welcome. We know that by your actions and ideals you will always uphold the cherished traditions of East High.

Stop to consider a moment, you Freshman, what it means to enter high school. For probably the first time in your school life you are expected to do some independent thinking and to act on your own initiative. But—every member of the faculty and student body stands ready to help and advise you, at any time. The Seniors, though an august body, are not as unapproachable as they may appear. Probably they are thinking of their coming Freshman days at college, and determining to practice the Golden Rule. The Juniors have not at-

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tained the dignity of Seniorship yet, so you will find them properly sympathetic. The Sophs may be inclined to be a little superior at first, as they feel it incumbent upon them, due to their year's acquired knowledge, but their hearts are in the right place and when they have shown off a bit they are the kindest of people. No blunders you can make, however ridiculous, can possibly amuse the faculty. They have been in the business too long. It only bores them, so you will never be embarrassed by a laugh from them.

East High is boosting you enthusiastically and proud to welcome such a live, peppy lot of youngsters to her classic halls.

A Senior.

Roast Turkey.

AMERICA has had four big turkey feasts. We all remember that first Thanksgiving, when the Pilgrim Fathers gathered together and gave thanks to God for the bountiful harvest they had reaped. It represented a great step in the freeing of men from the bonds of feudalism. Next, the Declaration of Independence formed a famous turkey. Once and for all we declared that we in America stood for democracy and the ideals of equal rights. The Declaration, like the turkey, is typically American. Our third great Thanksgiving was the Thirteenth Amendment, the freeing of the slaves, giving mankind a concrete example that equal rights for all really means an equal opportunity for personal development by every individual on earth. Our last GREAT TURKEY is a mammoth one. Monday, November 11, we received word that the last great autocratic power had bent her knee in complete and unconditional surrender to the armies of democracy. The last Turkey took a lot of men and supplies, but when it was done, it was done BROWN. Those who were down town Monday know how the people at home enjoyed it. Germany's surrender means that the principle on which American life is founded is the cornerstone around which all the earth's subsequent development will be built; that man will be ruled by his consent, and his consent only; and that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

OUR SERVICE FLAG





“When West Meets East.”

“WHEN West meets East.”

Our thoughts immediately revert to the gridiron, where the annual battle has been staged for many years. This familiar saying owes its origin to football and its interpretation, colored by the rivalry engendered on the football field, has been handed down from year to year. Until recently the schools have competed in athletics only. Aside from football and track, they have had no common meeting ground. But with growth and years come new ideas. We have come to realize that there are also other channels through which the life of the school is flowing, that there are other ways in which the schools may meet one another; that, in fact, East and West have a number of links in common in the chain of high school and community progression. As a result of this awakening, a much broader meaning has been woven into the term, “When West meets East,” piece by piece, as new branches of the schools have been organized and developed.

“When West meets East.”

At the Junior Chamber of Commerce there is no school distinction recognized. Every member is a unit of Des Moines, and not a unit of some one particular school. We have come to realize that co-operation, not antagonism and jealousy, spells success. We have come to see that every student to be truly loyal to his school must be loyal to his community, for he is responsible to both with every ounce of effort that he can put forth in furthering their advance. The Junior Chamber of Commerce helps to teach the individual student co-operation, loyalty, and good citizenship, three fundamentals which everyone should possess.

“When West meets East.”

At the “Hi-Y” the rival schools meet socially in a spirit of good fellowship. The hatchet is an instrument of the past. The personal contact affords an opportunity for the students of the two schools to become better acquainted and to prove to their own satisfaction that although school spirit runs high, as it legitimately should, the other fellow is also “one of the bunch.”

“When West meets East.”

This year the two schools have the privilege of meeting through their respective papers. West High feels honored in being represented in “The Quill” and in exchanging a page an issue with East High. We feel confident that the exchange of views will lead to a better understanding between the two schools and will be instrumental in furthering a spirit of good will and good fellowship.

“The Tatler.”



America.

Far to the west, where the Atlantic lies,
A land extends, that all her people prize,
America, her rivers swiftly glide,
While fields of corn wave on the country side.
Her mountains in the east and in the west
Are full of gold and counted with the best.
Her hamlets that are scattered through the land
Into great cities very soon expand.
Her armies and her navies both are known
In many lands besides those that she owns;
They march across the lands and sail the sea
To take the wretched comfort, and to free
The countries of the weak and helpless ones
From the relentless, cruel, barbarous Huns.
Through all this noble land the people reign,
Americans, the people from the plain,
The people from the cities, large and small,
All rule as one, and heed their country's call
For liberty, and freedom of the world.
As one great race, 'neath one great flag unfurled.
Americans, that stand for all that's true,
And yet, sometimes, some change old friends for new,
Or give their minds entirely to making wealth
And think not of their comfort or their health.
Sometimes, some think that life is merely made
For pleasure, and they have no thought of trade
That in the end would bring them greater joys
And so each person his own life destroys.
But from the farthest east to farthest west
Our land for us will always be the best.

Katharine Hargis, '19.



The Pioneer's Daughter.

THE musical notes that issued from the open door of the cabin might have suggested a mocking bird instead of a girl of twelve. For a time the bird was silent, and the liquid music of a waterfall was heard.

Peggy Bonfield was sitting in the open door of the cabin. Her fair hair hung in two straight braids, and her quaint gown, belted a few inches under the arms, suggests a fashion of the past century, for Peggy was a girl of long ago.

It was a strange life that this little imitator of nature's music led in the sylvan fields of William Penn. Of playmates, she knew nothing. Her mother had died when she was a baby, and, with the exception of her father, all the people she knew were Indians.

"Why does father stay so long at the post?" Peggy asked herself, when her waterfall tune had been sung to its finish. She rose, and going to the open fire on the hearth, turned the venison that was smoking before the glowing sticks of wood.

The room was suggestive of time and place. Rugs of bear and fox skins were spread about the floor. The polished antlers of a deer adorned a niche in the wall. Peggy's little recess of a bedroom showed quaint designs in the use of horns, fur, and feathers in its furnishings and decorating.

When Peggy had spread the supper table, she set some corncakes to bake. Then she went to the doorstep and sang an echo song to the sun, setting behind the line of forest-fringed hills. As she warbled, she kept her eyes on the path for the first sign of her father.

As it grew darker, she became restless. She was not accustomed to humor her fears, as a loaded gun stood in one corner of the big kitchen, and to her this seemed sufficient for any danger.

Directly, she heard sounds of someone stepping lightly. "It's not father's tread," she said to herself, fixing her eyes on a dark thicket a little distance away. Her sense of hearing was very acute, and she had located the sounds. Presently, she saw the figure of an Indian.

"Good evening, Hawk Wing!" she exclaimed, perfectly reassured. "For what were you looking in the bushes? Saw you any sign of my father? And have you fetched me another young eagle? The last one you brought broke out of the cage and flew away, and I don't blame him one bit!" concluded Peggy with a laugh.

The Indian shook his head solemnly. "Me not find what me look for in bushes," he said, ignoring the other questions. Then he proceeded to unwrap the parcel he was carrying, displaying to Peggy's curious gaze a piece of fine cloth, ornamented with beads and feathers. "See, nice work," concluded Hawk Wing. "Make white girl fancy gown."

Peggy smiled with pleasure as she looked at the cloth in the fading light. "It will make a brave, gay gown," she said. "How much do you want for it?"



"Me trade!" said the Indian. "Me give pretty cloth for secret white girl's charms."

"Charms? I have none, charms are all nonsense," laughed Peggy. "My father says only foolish people believe in charms."

Hawk Wing shrugged his broad shoulders. "Some charms heap nonsense," he agreed, "but some charms not nonsense. White girl sing like birds, shout like owls, make noise like waterfalls. Fool Indians, fool birds some times. Hawk Wing want to buy charms so he can do so, too."

Peggy's laughter rippled out.

"Me keep secret deep in here," urged the Indian, laying his hand on his breast. "Me never tell."

"But there is no secret about it," protested Peggy. "I can't tell you how to sing like the birds and waterfalls, because no one ever taught me."

Hawk Wing grunted disconsolately, and proceeded to fold up the cloth. He was more disappointed because he knew that the little laughing girl had told him the truth. The Great Spirit had given her the mysterious power. That was why she could not sell the "charm."

"Bring your pretty cloth back a fortnight hence, Hawk Wing, and mayhap I'll have a gold guinea to give you for it," said Peggy, with which she brought out a plateful of corncakes and a piece of venison for her guest.

The Indian ate enjoyingly, and when he was about to go, Peggy said, "If you happen to meet my father on the way tell him what a good supper is waiting for him."

John Bonfield and Hawk Wing did not meet. The former had turned off the main trail, taking one to the north that led him into a part of the country where the natives regarded white people with jealousy and suspicion. Mr. Bonfield knew of this unfriendliness, but he wished to buy furs, and he did not believe any harm would come of his venture.

As he walked on in the gathering darkness, with his gun on his shoulder, thinking that in a year or two, when his fortune should be larger, he would leave these wild parts and settle in some prosperous town where his daughter might be educated, there was a rustle among the low bushes, and that instant he was struck in the shoulder by an arrow.

The brave man grasped his gun, but before he could use it another arrow from the ambush disabled his right arm, and in a moment he was a prisoner.

Meanwhile Peggy, in the little cabin home, had become very anxious about her father. She moved the venison back from the fire, and covered the corncakes to keep them warm. "Father's sure-footed and his gun carries straight," she kept saying to herself assuringly. But she could not sing or feel cheerful. The owls hooted outside, and the katydids piped, but neither got an answer from Peggy.

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Finally, she could bear the suspense no longer. Tying a scarf about her chest, and covering her head with a hood, she took up the gun and started out into the night.

Peggy reasoned that her father's lateness was to be accounted for by his having taken the northern trail instead of the usual one.

Moonlight fell scantily on the forest path, but Peggy had explored the trail before, and she was not afraid of getting lost. Now and then, as she walked on, she could hear the screech of a wildcat. A cunning bushy-tailed raccoon peeped at her from the top of a stump. Once she heard at some distance the scream of a panther.

Her spirits revived. "Ah, well-a-day," she broke out, speaking to herself in the darkness; "but father will laugh when I tell him about Hawk Wing wanting to buy the charm for my songs. Is father joking or not, I wonder, when he says the folks in towns would take fright at the ways of his wild mountain lass? Queer folks they must be to be so easily frightened as that."

A series of shouts not a great distance away put an end to the little girl's talk to herself. With some misgiving she detected anger in the voices. What could those threatening shouts mean?

She hurried on, lightly leaping over fallen trees and boulders. Straight ahead was an open space. Presently, the moonlight revealed a group of Indians. Approaching closer, though keeping behind a screen of low bushes, Peggy saw that the Indians were tying a white man to a tree.

For a moment she stood too terrified to move. That white man was her father, no doubt. In another moment she had herself under better control. "Shame, Peggy," she thought accusingly. "This is not the time to show the white feather."

She adjusted her gun, but the small amount of ammunition she had with her made her cautious about firing. Again and again she changed her position, taking care to keep hidden among the shadows.

Suddenly a bright idea flashed into Peggy's mind. "Courage, Peggy," she whispered to herself, resting her gun on the ground, and taking a deep breath. "Music may beat gunpowder."

When she was sure of her voice, she started one of her trilling bird songs, putting in many echoes. She was encouraged to excel anything she had hitherto done for her own amusement, by unmistakable signs of alarm among the Indians. The latter seemed to regard the singing as something supernatural. To them, this night concert was a miracle, a warning. Finally, urged by their leader, the red men left the field.

Peggy came forward when the last figure had vanished, and untied her father. She helped him home, and before very long he recovered from his wounds. As already determined, he moved from his cabin in the woods, locating in Philadelphia, where Peggy grew to womanhood.

Floy L. Boyd, '21.



A Red Cross Hero.

WHY, of course, nurse, if you really want to hear my story and you are quite sure there are no wounded soldiers to be taken care of, I'll tell you.

It was about three years ago that I was born in a wealthy home in New York. My mother was a descendant of the noble St. Bernard family and she taught her children to do as ladies and gentlemen should. Many humans could take lessons from her. I was taught to defend women and children, to obey my master, never to fight without cause, to be generous and courageous, and to remember that my ancestors were nobles and not to do anything to disgrace their memory. Poor mother, I wish she could see me now, do you suppose she'd know me?

Never mind, she couldn't know me. One day the gate was carelessly left open and I wandered into the street. I never saw my mother or home again. It began to rain and I was tired, wet and hungry, so I huddled up in a corner and whimpered and shivered because it was so dark and stormy and I was such a forlorn little pup. Finally a boy, about ten years old, came up the steps and when he heard my whine, he picked me up and carried me to his room, where it was warm. After he gave me a saucer of milk I went to sleep on an old blanket, very well contented.

The next day my master told me my name was "Barny" and his was "Micky." I wagged my tail to show him I understood and I guess he understood that, because he gave me more milk and romped with me. I went on the streets with him when he sold papers and there I soon learned to take care of myself, but I never fought needlessly. As time went on, I grew fonder of Micky. He had shrewd blue eyes, red hair, and freckles, but his heart was big enough to cover all defects in beauty.

I lived happily until I was two years old. Then one day Micky and I went to see a man and I heard Micky saying, "Yes, sir, I want to do my bit and Barny's all I have to give, but he's healthy, brave, and obedient, and I know Uncle Sam can use him." Then Micky hugged me and said, "Good-bye, Barny, be a good doggie and mind this man and be a credit to your family." Then he kissed me again and ran out of the room. I started to follow, but the man said, "Come here, Barny." Micky said to mind him, so I went back and he talked very kindly to me. Do you think I'll see Micky when I go home, Miss Mary? Oh! I'm so glad you think so.

The next morning I was taken to a ship where there were a great many other dogs, among them another St. Bernard whose name was "Gipsy." Gipsy and I soon formed a friendship which lasted until even now.

When we arrived in France we were taken to a camp to be trained for Red Cross service. This is the way I was taught: My soldier



master would take me out in the hills or woods and let me smell a soldier's cap, then the soldier would hide, and my master would say, "Go find the lost man." When I had found him I carried his cap back to my master. After a bit I could find a stranger, night or day, and was not afraid of gunfire.

One day my master said we were going to "the front," and we went for a ride. Where we stopped, the noise was terrible, the big guns were shooting at us, and the shells made great holes in the ground where they fell. More men and guns came. It became dark. Then all the men climbed over the bank and went away. Then I was told to "go find the lost man." I soon found one in a big hole, but he couldn't walk. I carried his cap back and some men came after him.

I did that many times, until one night I went too close to the guns and something hit me. I was dying when a wounded soldier, who was being carried by, made his stretcher bearers pick me up. Then I was brought here where you are all so good to me. Yes, thank you, Miss Mary, my shoulder is better, but please go and see that kind soldier. If it wasn't for him, I'd be dead now and never would see Micky again.

Naomi Porter, '20.

A Message from the Land of Sorrowfree.

I PASSED through the garden and chanced to see a lovely butterfly fast asleep on the uncurled petals of a deep red rose, and while I admired its beautiful golden wings with splashes of lavender sprinkled here and there over them, the butterfly awoke, and slowly nodded its head, as though to say, "Yes, here is one in whom I may confide." Then spreading its golden wings it fluttered to my shoulder and there it lay at rest.

Said the butterfly, "I am very tired, for I have taken a long journey."

Of course, I was greatly surprised to hear a butterfly speak, and I said that I was.

The butterfly slowly fluttered its wings as though deep in thought; at last it answered me: "My name is 'Wanderer,' I come from the land to which the children of Hamelin were lead. God gave me the power to speak, and bade me search the country over, till I found the right one to tell my story. God has taken pity on the people of Hamelin and takes this means of telling them that their children are well, happy and contented; for you are to write it that the parents may read and know. I choose you to do this, as I am very tired. I feel that I haven't long to live, and I can search no farther."

"But how did you get to that strange land? How did you pass through the magic portal?" I asked. "The bright colors of the piper's cloak attracted me," answered Wanderer, "and I followed him through the portal. I passed through before the children and oh, what a wonderful land it is!"

Little Wanderer could say no more for a few minutes, he was so



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tired. I softly stroked his velvety body, while I waited to hear more of this strange land.

"It is known as the land of Sorrowfree to those who have passed through there," continued Wanderer, "though to those who live there it has no name, for they are not bothered with such as names."

"You say that the children are contented. How can they be?" I protested, "the ones who loved their parents?"

"Ah!" answered Wanderer, "that is more magic. From the time the children passed through the mountainside, they lost all memory of the past. For the piper knew that if they were allowed to remember their parents, they would become homesick and wish to return. They have no remembrance now of a father or mother or home, and they are contented."

"They play all day with butterflies and bumblebees that have no sting; and when they ride, lions are their steeds. They laugh and play the livelong day, no sorrow nor care have they. They sing with the birds and talk with the crickets. They romp with the squirrels and race with the lizards.

The rose grows so large it makes a soft, scented bed for a sleepy child when it tires of its play. The petals of the poppy are made into clothing, pink dresses and bonnets for the girls, red blouses and trousers for the boys.

The trees bear the most wondrous fruit--cocoanuts and oranges, lemon pies and frosted cookies, dumplings, gravy and fried chicken, salted peanuts and ice cream.

And when the children are thirsty they drink of the river Purity. The river Purity flows through the valley of Innocence. The bed of the river is of pure spun glass, it is always full even with its banks of pure sweet milk, which is always sweet and clean. The children lay upon the bank and drink of this pure nectar.

They romp among the groves of Truthfulness, they climb the mountains of Happiness. They do not know what sickness is; they shall live forever, and never grow up."

When Wanderer had finished his story he was so weak and tired he felt he was dying. I was gently placing him back upon the rose bush when an angel drifted toward earth. "Little Wanderer has still more work to do," she said. "He must go to the mayor of Hamelin town and tell him that all is forgiven."

I lingered in the garden long enough to feed Wanderer a bit of honey, then "Go little Wanderer," I said, "to the mayor of _____; he long ago repented of his sin, you will be a great comfort to him."

The little lame child of Hamelin cried bitterly when he heard of how his playmates lived, while he must suffer and grow old.

Elizabeth Ellis, '22.



Amos Hiatt.

AMOS HIATT was born in Ohio, November 23, 1843. His parents were Quakers and he was reared in that faith.

He served his country in the Civil War and, regardless of his age, would now serve during the present war if his country would take him. Instead, he is doing his bit on his California ranch, where he has been living since 1903. He is alert and erect, carrying himself like a soldier.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Hiatt was at the head of the school of East Des Moines. Therefore, it is fitting and proper that the first Junior High School, which occupies the old East High building, in which Mr. Hiatt had his office, should be named in his honor—The Amos Hiatt Junior High School.

The Band That Pershing Led.

Our army's large and true and tried,
Our general, frank and bold;
The German soldiers tremble
When Pershing's name is told.

Woe came to the German soldiery,
Who little thought us near;
On them did light in broad daylight
A strange and sudden fear.

When, grasping tight their weapons,
They fought with us in vain,
And they who dared to face us
Were beaten to earth again.

Grave men there are in the U. S. A.,
Grave men with hoary hair;
Their hearts are all with Pershing's band,
For these they say a prayer.

The whole world rings with joyous cries,
With Liberty's Flag unfurled,
For Heaven has answered our pleading prayer
For the freedom of the world!

Mary Mitchell, J. H. S.

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The Red Triangle.

I wonder how many folks really know
The value of our nation's "Y"
To the khaki boys in far-off France,
Ready to do or die?

Of course, you've all heard of this triangle,
Of the funds that are needed at times
To keep the boys happy and cheerful,
Healthy in spirit and mind.

When they are tired and discouraged
And longing for the folks at home,
This warm, cozy shelter of refuge
Brings comfort across the foam.

Then they find music and books,
And rest at the end of the day,
A kindly hand in those little huts
To help them cheer up and be gay.

Every message we get from the boys over there
Is teeming with praise for the "Y;"
Its help and encouragement through weary days
Make them feel we are all standing by.

It's up to us all to do what we can
To help keep our boys full of cheer,
To give them the care they would get at home
By those who hold them so dear.

Helen Rosenberger, '20.





In Memoriam.

OUR Service Flag now has five gold stars. Each star stands for a man, who, once a member of East High, has given his all for his country and the world. Each man, for each was a man thru and thru, did not hold back, but gave his life, willingly, that freedom might not perish from the earth. Each man gave his life, without saying a word, other than the few uttered to comfort his mother. Although all of them did not die on the battlefield, they all died in the high service of their country and this world. They died that we might enjoy our freedom forever. And we, East High, are proud of having the names of such brave men on our Roll of Honor.

Elmer Spears, the first man from East High to die in the service, was a victim of disease. He was a track star and won a name for East High. We all were deeply moved when his star turned from blue to gold.

Ed Sterzing, another of our gold star heroes, also died in the service of the world. He was great on singing and he helped to keep East High happy with his music. When his star turned to gold we all were very sorry.

Lieut. Anderson also gave his life that the people of the United States might be free from the outrages of the murderous Hun. His gold star marks the place of a hero on our Service Flag. We were both mournful and proud when we heard of his death.

Miles McBeth was another man whose star has turned to gold. He served his country by serving the soldiers of Iowa the best cooked food. Miles was a victim of a Hun shell, and still, thoughts of his good cooking run thru the minds of our boys "Over There." Miles' death was mourned by all of Polk county as well as East High.

Lieut. E. E. Hites, commonly known as Ned, gave his life after one year of fighting with the Hun. He won a name for Capital Park High School, whose alumni list has been combined with that of East High. His death was deeply felt all over Iowa, as well as in East High.





Wounded in Service.

Mac. Sellers, of the 168th Inf.—

Wounded in May and later was gassed. Was in the hospital in July.

Chas. Sellers, Bugler in the 168th Inf.—

Wounded on the 26th of July. Relieved from hospital about the middle of October. Went into reserve on September 25.

Carl Weisbrod, of the 358th Inf.—

Severely wounded September 17 in the thigh and foot by shrapnel splinters. He is doubtless being returned to America.

Sergt. Vane B. Overturff, of the Sanitary Detachment of the 168th Inf.—

Gassed and wounded June 15. Has recovered sufficiently to be on guard duty back of the lines. The story of being gassed has come to us. He was out in No Man's Land giving first aid to the wounded during a gas attack. Often moisture condensing on the eye pieces of the gas mask obscures the vision and in Vane's case when this occurred he removed the eye pieces that he might see better to care for the wounded. With the eye pieces removed he was gassed. He wrote that, when giving first aid, the boys all remove the eye pieces of their helmets.

William Kelso, of the Machine Gun Co. of the 168th Inf.—

Was severely wounded last July in the back and right side by an exploding bomb. He said in a letter received by his mother last week that he would be leaving the hospital the next day. He was anxious to get back to the front. No letter had reached him.

Don Anthony—

Was very badly burned and gassed July 31. He had a bullet wound also. In his last letter he boasted of being able to walk the length of the bed and to sit up in a chair.

Everett Horner—

Was very badly gassed and burned July 31. He was very enthusiastic over regaining nine of the forty pounds that he had lost since he had been in the hospital. His eyes and lungs were badly affected, but he is getting better and his spirit is unchanged.

Chester Southerland and Herman Cohen—

Both were gassed and burned July 31.

John Burke—

Just yesterday the report was confirmed that Sergt. John Burke had been very severely wounded. He was shot through the middle of the back a fraction of an inch from the spine and a shrapnel splinter lodged near one lung. A successful operation has been performed.

Carl Aschan—

Wounded at the same time as Sergt. John Burke, it is thought perhaps less severely.



What Our Boys Are Doing.

WHO said that there wasn't anything interesting about war? Albert Yarn, a boy who won East High fame on the cinder track, joined Co. C, Iowa Engineers, in June, 1917. After going to Camp Cody he was sent to a training camp and came out an officer. He is now a lieutenant and is stationed at Washington, D. C. You've heard the old saying, "You never can be a granddad until you've been a floorwalker." Well, Al is a "floorwalker" now, or would be if he were at home. Congratulations, Al! And the best luck in the world!

You know how it feels to eat bread that mother baked. You all know how it just melts in your mouth, and then calls for more. Well, I wonder how it would feel to eat bread that brother baked. I'll bet it would be like trying to eat a portion of our front hall floor. But a few people could call me a liar, because when John Ford, Ernest Kurtzweil and Walter Collings come back and bake bread just like the kind they baked in France, well—I'll have to admit I'd like some of it myself.

Did you ever plan on going to a picnic with some Latin class and then have your program changed? Well, that's about the same fix Sergt. George Kratz was in. He joined Co. C, Iowa Engineers, June 27, 1917, and went to Camp Cody with them. He was transferred just in time to miss the chance of getting across with them. He was sent to Washington, D. C., and when that bunch left, he was taken out and put into another regiment. He is a sergeant in this regiment now, the 97th Engineers, and is going to sail the last of this week, but with the title of master engineer. He bet me one dollar against a hole in an Irish doughnut that he will be shifted again. Well, let's hope not, for his sake.

Frank Staves and Hume Wright were sergeants in the 168th Machine Gun Co. when they landed in France. In due time they reached the front. In a terrific battle Frank was so interested in seeing so many sausage makers fall before his gun that he forgot his danger and repulsed Mr. Boche. He was cited for bravery by Col. Bennett and sent to an officers' training camp, where he was an instructor for a while, and then given a commission as second lieutenant. Hume was squeezing the trigger of his machine gun during an assault by the Huns and was so amused by the work done by his gun that he stuck it out and drove the Germans back to their ditches. He also was cited and also became a lieutenant.

Melbourne Harvey always seemed to be a peaceable sort of a chap, but somehow you never can tell what kind of stuff really is in a fel-

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low until he joins the army. Now, Melbourne is a second lieutenant in the "Treat 'em Rough" gang. Funny, isn't it?

Carl Olson seems to be the only boy from East High to join the Marine Corps. Carl joined in July, 1917. Now he has an address which is about a mile long. I won't give it here, but I will say that he is on the island of Haiti.

Charles Crowe, who was graduated in the class of '17, and who was our Quill cartoonist, is now serving Uncle Sam. He is at present at the Annapolis Academy, instructing in the use of small arms on the rifle range.

Ever since his connection with The Quill work he has in a way been interested in papers. Just now he is the managing editor of a very snappy range paper, The Outpost, which is published once a month. Although now not a part of East High, Charles still thinks of her and manages through the school paper to keep in close touch with what East High is doing.





Extracts from Letters.

Sydney Shepard, Class of 1916.

114th Ordnance Depot Co., Camp Funston, Kan.

September 20—

I love this life and wouldn't change for a million dollars. I like it better every day and feel so well and happy, but I can't get enough to eat, it seems. Sure get swell grub and I eat enough for three men. I am really getting fat and weigh 157 pounds now.

The hundred men in our company are from every state in the Union except Indiana. We have a piano, Victrola and two hundred records.

Say hello to all my friends for me. Tell them I'm working hard.

October 22—

I am awfully rushed tonight. My school work is hard and takes so much outside work, for we are given so many problems based on Ordnance Administration. Pretty hard on us new ones, but I'm the happiest boy on earth because I am a U. S. soldier. Our insignia is a bursting bomb, meaning that we handle all the explosives, ammunition, guns, cannon and all the fighting material.

This state gets my goat. The wind and dust are fierce. My eyes and ears are always full, and soap goes fast around here. I bought me a pair of eye goggles and they sure come in handy.

I have my special work now, in my own little room, have a locker and \$250 worth of instruments. Whew! I don't want to lose or break any of them! I am drawing target and range maps, regular drafting work. I have Mr. Ide to thank for this.

We are getting extra hard drill now, with bayonet drill. The school work is getting more and more complicated. I love it all thru and being fully broken in, I don't mind it and do it cheerfully and with all my pep and heart.

Sgt. Vane B. Overturff.

Base Hospital 13, A. P. O. 753, A. E. F. in France.

September 7—

I am now in a new town and new station, which is a long way from where I wrote you last. I have been attached here, but for what length of time I can't say, because I don't know.

I have already found some men I know. One is Ted Nutt. The other fellows know people I know, so it seems as though I dropped into a bunch from the old state. They sure treat me royal and have made me feel as though I really belonged to the organization.

September 11—

I still have the one-dollar bill and have lots of fun with it. I show



it to some old Frenchmen and they think it's wonderful. Their bills look like soap wrappers and United Cigar coupons.

It rained all night and is still raining; I guess this must be the start of the rainy season. I have a nice raincoat and a pair of big hobnails, so I should worry. Only I feel sorry for the gang up the line. Sometimes I get to thinking and almost cry.

I was in Paris thirty-six hours and had a ride on the subway. Was lost twice, but it sure was fun. I was in charge of a few guys and they didn't have any money, so I was out of luck for having any fun or seeing much myself, because I was almost broke. I suppose you wonder how I had money. Well, just before I left B. H. 23, Capt. Langworth called me and handed me 300 francs, some place around \$62.00. Well, I still have a few of them and when I get paid I will send him what I owe him. Wasn't that swell of him? He also gave me twenty packs of cigarettes. I sure was and am strong for that man.

September 19—

I took a nice walk a few days ago and saw a few of the old sights of this country, or rather this city. I walked over a bridge made by the Romans when they made their great drive through France.

Paul Schaffer.

a member of the 6th Cav. Hut 8, 5th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, Duke of York School, Dover, England, wrote as follows:

September 26—

We arrived here O. K. and went first to some barracks outside, and were then assigned and sent to these barracks. We traveled under the city of London, so we didn't get to see much of it, but from what we did see, we decided that it was some town. The steam trains here are exceptionally small, but that is because of the marshy condition of the ground throughout. A Rock Island engine would make three or four of these, and the passenger cars are in about the same proportion.

We've been treated fine here, and will probably be here until sent overseas, and that will be in about twelve or thirteen weeks. We have been issued our tin hats and gas masks already, and the rest of our equipment will be issued either today or tomorrow. Well, we'll get a ten-day furlough pretty soon, and I expect to go to Edinburgh, Scotland, see Westminster Abbey in London and Dover Castle, which is about a mile from here.

We sleep in barracks which are just about half as large as those at Camp Dodge. These barracks are on the top of a high cliff which overlooks the harbor of Dover, so it gets pretty cold up here at night. Last night we went on a ten-mile hike, and as a result I have sore feet this evening. The people over here think the war will be over



by the first of the year, but I doubt it. But even if it does end then, I will be over here for at least six more months afterward.

Paul Schaffer is the only East High boy we have record of who is in the Canadian army. He has tried many times to join the American forces, but was refused on account of his blindness in one eye. He is now a member of the Royal Fusiliers, a well-known regiment in the Canadian army.

Honor List

1. Dana Wickware. Member of Motor Supply Train No. 423, Motor Truck Co. 512. He enlisted in June, 1918, and is now in France.

2. Cyril Larsen. A sailor on the U. S. S. Alabama. He enlisted September 24, 1917, in the Radio Division of the navy, and is now a wireless operator.

3. Sidney Taylor, a graduate of East High in 1918, is a corporal in Ft. Winfield Scott, Cal. He enlisted May 31, 1918.

4. Clifford Bloom, a corporal in Camp McArthur, Texas. He enlisted August 1, 1918. Clifford graduated from East High in 1914.

5. Louis Anderson is a corporal in the 53d Pioneers, now in France. He enlisted April 5, 1918. He attended East High for two years.

6. Louis Esbensen is a sailor, with a seaman's rank. He also is a graduate of East High School.

7. John Ford is baking bread for our boys "over there." He is a private, but we'll bet his bread is mighty good.

8. John Granquist is a private in the Student Army at Ames. He enlisted September 24, 1918.

9. H. E. Woodward is a member of Co. A, 210th Engineers. He is a private in this company.

10. Joe Cunningham enlisted in August, 1917, as an ambulance driver.

11. Reuben Bergstrom is a private in the Aviation Division of the U. S. Army. He enlisted in November, 1917.

12. William Harbor is a private in Co. B, 606th Engineers, at Camp Humphrey, Va. He enlisted in August, 1918.

13. Gerald Jones is a sailor from East High who is now stationed at Panama.

14. Ward Williams is a sailor on the U. S. S. Sampson now in foreign waters. He enlisted May 3, 1918.

15. George Whitmore is the first sergeant in Co. A, 313th Supply Train of the 88th Division. He entered the service September 5, 1917, and is now in France.

16. Max Kaplan is a member of the Student Army. He enlisted September 28, 1918.

17. Ernest Kurtzweil is kneading dough in the 370th Bakery Co. in France. He enlisted February 23, 1918, and is now a sergeant.

18. Paul Porter is training to become a naval officer. He enlisted in the navy June 5, 1918.

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19. Ralph Gould, a graduate of East High, is now in France. He enlisted in July, 1918.

20. Bruce Gould is at Minneapolis and is a lieutenant in the Naval Aviation Service. He enlisted in August, 1918.

21. Gerald Coombs is in a hospital in France. Se was at the Mexican border and is now a member of the 168th Infantry.

22. Everett Horner, known as "Ike," is in the 168th Machine Gun Co. He is now in a hospital recovering from a gas attack.

23. Fletcher Brown is a member of the Student Army at Ames.

24. James Wilkins is on his way to New York as a second-class engineer in the navy. He enlisted June 24, 1918.

25. Eugene Sellers is a gun captain on the U. S. S. Corsair, now in foreign waters. He enlisted November 12, 1916.

26. John Hutchings is acting sergeant major in the Iowa City Student Army. He enlisted September 9, 1918.

27. Mose Swartz is at Ft. Des Moines. He enlisted June 1, 1918, and is now a first-class private.

28. Geo. Dee Searle is in an officers' training camp. He enlisted April 6, 1918, and has had rapid advancement.

29. Neil Garrett is a member of the 19th Division Supply Train, now at Camp Dodge. He enlisted August 27, 1917, and is now the captain of the company.

30. John Ringland is a member of the Ames Student Army. He enlisted October 1, 1918.

31. Isaac Miller is the regimental sergeant major of the 109th Ammunition Train, now in France. He enlisted July 15, 1917.

32. Edward Jacques is a corporal in the 359th Aero Squadron at Long Island. He enlisted July 29, 1917.

33. Roy Frey is a first-class private in the 309th Motor Transportation Repair Shop in France. He enlisted April 17, 1918.

34. James Kalny is a sergeant in the Infantry Officers' Training School at Camp Grant, Ill. He enlisted September 19, 1917.

35. Alva Young, a member of Co. 17, 2d M. C., A. E. F., enlisted in July, 1918.

36. George Kennedy is in the Motor Transportation at Fort Sheridan. He enlisted October 5, 1918.

37. Oscar Ortland is a master signal electrician in the 313th Field Signal Bat. of the 88th Division, now in France. He enlisted September 5, 1917.

38. Frederick Ludgren is a sergeant with the American forces in France.

39. Dean Mitchell is a first sergeant in the 3d Aviation Center, 35th Aviation Corps. He enlisted in July, 1916.

40. Robert Lower is stationed at Camp Dodge. He entered the service on November 11, 1918.

41. Wm. Krueger, known as Ferde, is a yeoman in Unit B, Co. 160, Norfolk, U. S. Navy. He enlisted July 18, 1918.

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42. Gerald Philleo is on his way across with the 34th Division. He enlisted on July 19, 1917, as company clerk.
43. Gerald Van Horn is a member of the Student Army at Des Moines College. He enlisted September 30, 1918.
44. Jack Kountz enlisted in the service September 5, 1918.
45. Frank Ellis is now a member of the Hospital Corps Officers' Training School.
46. Lynn Latta is a member of the Student Army. He enlisted October 1, 1918.
47. Al Anderson is with Co. A, 116th Engineers, now in France. He enlisted in the spring of 1918.
48. Carl Sprigel is stationed at Camp McArthur, Texas. He enlisted September 5, 1918.
49. Harold Mizener is an accountant at Columbus, Ohio, in the Air Craft Production. He enlisted in October, 1918. He graduated from East High in 1914.
50. Frank Dean is with Co. B at the Capwain School at the Great Lakes. He enlisted in July, 1918.
51. Dee McCullough is on the ocean blue in the U. S. Navy. He enlisted June 15, 1918. Dee graduated from East High in 1917.
52. Greely Long enlisted in the navy April 5, 1917. He is now in the war zone on a U. S. battleship.
53. Harry Fleming enlisted June 20, 1918, in the navy. He is now at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.
54. Melbourn Harvey is a 2d lieutenant in the 336th Bat., Co. B, Tank Corps, now in France. Enlisted May 3, 1918.
55. Sidney Harvey is a sergeant in the Mech. Repair Shops, now in France.
56. Carl Olson, a marine from East High, enlisted in July, 1917, and is now in Haiti.
57. Paul Olson is at an Ordnance Training Camp in Georgia. He enlisted December 12, 1917.
58. Arthur Tallman is at Camp Cody, N. M., with Co. A, M. P. He enlisted June 22, 1916.
59. Floyd Yencer is with the 168th Infantry in France. He enlisted in May, 1916.
60. Ralph Kramer is in France as a private. He enlisted in 1918.
61. Julius Kramer is a petty officer at the Great Lakes Training Station. He enlisted in May, 1918.
62. Frank Murphy is a first lieutenant in the 219th Engineers, now at Camp Dodge. He enlisted June 6, 1917.
63. Edwin Burke is with Co. C, Section B, at Ames. He enlisted October 15, 1918.
64. Francis Burke is a first-class private in the 163d Depot Brigade at Camp Dodge. He enlisted July 9, 1918.
65. John Burke is in France with the 168th Inf. He is a sergeant. He enlisted in the spring of 1917.

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66. Clarence Harvey is at an officers' training school at Camp Pike. He enlisted July 1, 1918.

67. Charles Crowe is a petty officer at Annapolis. He enlisted in the navy February 20, 1918.

68. Melvin Boyle is in the Headquarters Co. of the 168th Inf. in France. He re-enlisted in August, 1917.

69. Robt. Ahlman is a lieutenant at the Acceptance Field, Detroit. He enlisted in November, 1917.

70. Graydon Meyers enlisted in the navy on July 2, 1918. He is now a fireman. He graduated from East High in 1918.

71. Verle Ford is a seaman in the U. S. Navy. He enlisted June 26, 1918.

72. Allan Greasby is at Camp Ross, Public Works, Co. 11, Reg. 12, Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

73. Frank Staves, a member of the 168th Machine Gun Co., is now a lieutenant. He re-enlisted in the spring of 1917.

74. Hume Wright re-enlisted in the spring of 1917 in the 168th Machine Gun Co. He is now a lieutenant.

75. Vane Overturff is a member of the 168th Inf. He re-enlisted in the spring of 1917.

76. Blaine Davidson is at an officers' training camp in Georgia. He was called in October, 1918, but enlisted in the summer.

77. Geo. Peterson is with the 168th Inf. in France. He re-enlisted in the spring of 1917.

78. George Kratz is with the 97th Engineers, now en route across. He enlisted June 27, 1917.

79. Tom Dunagan is in the 168th Inf. He re-enlisted in the spring of 1917.

80. Leon Smith is a sergeant in the Motor Transportation Division of the army. He enlisted in the summer of 1918.

81. Don Graves is in the U. S. Navy. He enlisted in the summer of 1917.

82. Geo. Mahoney is in the Student Army at Ames. He enlisted in September, 1918.

83. Walter Collings is a baker in France. He enlisted in July, 1918.

84. Albert Yarn is a lieutenant with the Engineer Corps, stationed at Washington, D. C. He enlisted in June, 1917.

85. Trescott Long is a member of the Student Army at Drake. He enlisted in September, 1918.

86. Paul Schaffer, a member of the Royal Fusiliers, is in the Canadian Army. He enlisted in the summer of 1918.

Editor's Note.—Space and lack of information make this part of The Quill incomplete. We are aware of the fact that our Honor List is not complete. This part of The Quill depends wholly upon the aid of the pupils of East High; therefore, we beg them to turn in all the information about soldiers to their Home Room teacher. Every bit of information will help make this part of The Quill a big success.



Business Honor.

BEFORE school started, the high school boys of Des Moines were sent letters by Supt. Thornburg telling them of the new uniforms that they could purchase for this year and where they could buy them. Many of us went down, were measured, and placed our order for suits. Altho the uniform cost between twenty and thirty dollars, the company did not ask us to deposit one cent, thinking that our honor was enough. A few weeks after the suits were ready, the authorities placed a restriction on our wearing the uniform because a few—and very few—of our number took great pleasure in parading the streets and receiving salutes from the soldiers. Now, just because we cannot wear our suits for a short while, do we have any right to leave them on the hands of the tailor? Shall we sacrifice our word and honor for the matter of dollars and cents? Shall we put ourselves in the place where no one will give us credit or take our word? If we ordered a “swallow tailed,” would we let it stay on the hands of the tailor just because we had quit taking dancing lessons? I sincerely hope that every boy will call for the suit he has ordered—it was made for him and not for someone else.

Miss Taake.

WHEN we came back to school after our “flu” vacation we were very sorry to learn that one of our faculty members was missing. It was not the “flu” that kept her away, but patriotic service. Miss Irene Taake, a former North High graduate, had enlisted for the Young Men’s Christian Association Canteen Service. She is probably now in France. She was not here long enough for all to know her, but we know that in her going we have lost a good friend and we hope to know her when she comes back from “over there.”

Miss Goodrell’s New Work.

WE HAVE a new principal this year, but we are still deeply interested in Miss Goodrell, who is now Director of Child Welfare in the city. This means that she is looking after the welfare of every child in Des Moines under sixteen years of age. The boys who would rather work than go to school, the girls who have trouble in staying in school, and the newsboys who almost live upon



the streets, all feel her helping hand. All children under sixteen years who must work to gain a livelihood or assist in the maintenance of a home, must first see Miss Goodrell before they go to work. Her work must be very interesting and we who know her can safely say that none but the deserving will receive a permit to work. She is a lover of children, also a loyal supporter of the public schools. When these two features are combined in one person and that person as influential as Miss Goodrell is, we know that much good will result from her work. We hope that she enjoys her new work as much as we would like to have her visit us at East High.

Pershing Day.

FRIDAY, September 13, was Gen. J. J. Pershing's birthday and Mr. Burton called an assembly to celebrate the occasion. On the front of the desk on the platform was a placard which read "Eight Thousand Huns on My Birthday," which meant that the "Yanks" in France presented Pershing with eight thousand Huns on his birthday. His birthday should come oftener, if it would bring the same results. The program was very appropriately opened by all the teachers and boy students in school who registered for war service, marching across the platform. This time the girls knew that the boys were not "fibbing" about their ages as they do sometimes. But say, wouldn't it be too bad if the girls of certain ages had to register and be paraded out in front like that?

Mr. Peterson was called upon and gave a very able biography of Gen. Pershing up to the present time. His difficulties and sorrows were many and his pleasures few, but with all his troubles in life he came through with colors flying, just as he is doing now with his troubles in France. The ideal side of Pershing's life was beautifully characterized in a short sketch by Stuart Ball. The sadness in the air, caused by seeing how many brothers and fathers in our school had registered for war and the many sad events of Pershing's life, was changed to joy by Mr. Moyer's awkward squad. We, the students, were very much surprised to see that some of our faculty could lose their dignity enough to act so foolish, but we enjoyed the sight and will forgive them if they will do it again. We are convinced that Mr. Constant would make a very good soldier.

Liberty Loan Assembly.

IN THE assembly on October 4th, we were very much surprised to find the stage curtains drawn as if for a play. Our surmises were correct and we were delighted because it was the first play given this year. It was called a Liberty Loan assembly, and there was a little program beside the play. The play itself was written by a student of West High School, Charles Tazewell. It brought Mother Goose and her companions into the modern situation of coaxing a slacker to buy

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a Liberty Bond. It was all a dream, of course, but the end was accomplished and the bond was bought. The program was:

1.

Vocal solo, Miss Newcomb, "Somewhere Tonight."

Accompanist, Miss Malin. Obligato, Eugene Burton.

2.

Selection, String Quartet.

Emma Louise Anderson

Eugene Burton

Marion Hawk

Emery Kettles

3.

Sketch.

Characters

BoyDavid Bolen

Mother GooseVelda Wilbern

Queen of Hearts.....Ethel Horner

Verses

Helen Koenigsberger

Thelma Williams

Kathryn King

Beulah Scovel

Mable Burnet

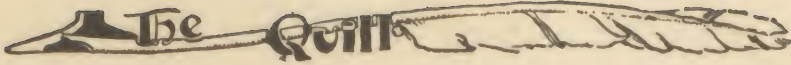
Ruth Shaw

Music, "Story Book Ball," played by Mary Ellis.

Stage Manager, Howard Wicks.

"Spanish Flu."

THE Spanish influenza has come and gone, or at least is going fast, and, we hope, never to return. Thursday, October 10th, we came to school and went to our classes as usual. Our first-hour recitation was broken short by a pleasing sound—three bells—and everyone, anxious to get a good seat, rushed to the assembly room. Mr. Burton announced that the school would close at once for two weeks. Those who were there know what happened and those who were not there can imagine. Pandemonium reigned supreme for a few minutes. No school for two weeks and nothing to do but go to movies! Whoop! Eee!! Finally order again prevailed and Mr. Burton further announced that the entire city was to be quarantined, which meant that movies, churches and all places of entertainment would close their doors. This took away some of the pleasant anticipation and when our principal explained the nature of the epidemic and told us what to do to prevent catching it, we began to realize the seriousness of it. But the main question was, what were we to do, during those two weeks with no place to go. One little Freshman boy asked his teacher, "What is the use of closing school if the movies are going to be closed too?" That was the case with most of us, nothing to do but read. Of course, some were sensible enough to use their time working either for themselves or for the Red Cross. For instance, some of the commercial teachers did typewriting in the base hospital at Camp Dodge. Others of the teachers who use their heads the most of the time made use of their hands



by working in the dining room at the nurses' headquarters. A few other teachers drove autos for the Red Cross, taking workers to camp and taking officers and friends of soldiers from place to place in the camp.

But the teachers were not the only ones who helped the Red Cross. The girls helped too. Just read the letter which the secretary to the Iowa State Director of American Red Cross wrote, if you think they didn't do much.

"I wish you would please express my sincere appreciation to the several girls of East High, who so willingly helped the American Red Cross at the State House. The co-operation given was fine."

We returned to school Monday, October 28th, and up to date we have not heard of any deaths from the "flu" among the students or their families and we hope there will not be any. Perhaps the rules concerning preventatives read the last day of school saved several lives. Who knows? All we know is that the rules were evidently obeyed.

Senior-Freshman Reception.

IT HAS been the custom for a number of years for the Senior class to entertain the B. Freshmen at a reception. The party had to be postponed because of the "flu," but it was held in the gymnasium Friday evening, November 1st. The Freshmen were all there promptly at 7:30. All registered their names in a book, at a booth. The total number registered was over two hundred, but it is estimated that about one hundred did not sign. When the registration was finished and we had become somewhat acquainted with the Freshmen we "coupled up" for the grand march. This was followed by folk dancing led by Miss Curtis. A program was given next. It included the following numbers:

A speech, welcoming the Freshmen, Walter Weissinger.

Solo, Esther Dunagan.

Selections by string quartet.

Solo dances, Wilma Paul, Gladys Rudston.

Piano solo, Henry Peterson.

One-word play, Ruth Shaw and Walter Weissinger.

The gymnasium was decorated with Hallowe'en decorations. This was the first of the Seniors' social activities and we hope to have many more.

Organization of Mid-Year Classes.

THIS year the high schools have adopted a new plan in regard to the organization of the Senior class. Instead of the entire Class A and B being organized, just the A Seniors have the honor. The second week of school the class met in the assembly room to fulfil this purpose. A number of the boys are excused early to work, but even at that we made a good showing of about fifty. The officers chosen for this year were splendid ones: Walter Weissinger, president; Ruth



Shaw, vice president; Ted Anthony, treasurer, and Arthur Chennel, secretary. Later, Arthur found it necessary to resign his office, so Earl Henley was elected secretary in his place. These are the main officers who with an advisory board of teachers, Miss Gabriel, Miss Wickware and Miss Jordan, and the two students, Louise Moser and Lola Thomas, have charge of the Senior class this year.

Victory Day.

ON THAT wonderful morning, November 11th, we were awakened at three o'clock by whistles blowing, bells chiming, and fireworks going off. This time we knew that the armistice with Germany had really been signed and no joking. It seemed too bad to have to go to school on such a day, but we were glad of it later.

An assembly was called the first thing and Mr. Hostetter presented Glen Strowbridge with the football that was used in the East and West game.

There was to be a great drive for Victory boys and girls that week so Mr. Walker and Mr. Slinker gave addresses on this subject. Mr. Walker made us feel like pawning our last ring to give the money to the soldiers, only he did not ask all of that but just what we could earn or save by some sacrifice. Mr. Slinker then told us how to organize and we were excused to organize in our first-hour classes. One boy and one girl from each class were chosen to head the work in that class, and four boys and four girls from the study rooms.

After that the whole school gathered out in front of the school building for a grand parade to celebrate Victory Day. The military training boys headed the procession with the other boys after them, and the girls coming behind all the boys. There was the big Foster flag and our big service flag in the parade. About two hundred little flags were distributed among the students. We also had our band, but before we got back the students had numerous tin cans, whistles, horns, or anything else that would make a noise. Before night, every one had sore feet, a lame back, and a hoarse voice. The parade was on the same order as a parade home from the Drake Stadium after a victory over West High. This time the victory was bigger than over West High, so we felt like shouting, yelling and singing—anything for a noise—because we were so happy. What matters sore feet when we know that this Christmas will be a real "Peace on earth, good will to men?" Not a thing. I am afraid we would do it over again tomorrow if word would come that the kaiser was dead. So you see where our sentiments lie. There are no slackers or pro-Germans in the school, and we do not want them either.



The Peach Seed Campaign.

LONG ago we stopped wondering, "Well, what next are they going to use?" so we were not the least surprised to find that peach stones could be used in making gas masks. When the Red Cross headquarters sent out calls for peach stones and nut shells, East High was right there, willing to do her part. A competition was started among the first-hour classes. Miss Bush's class challenged Miss Wood's class, the losing side to give a party to the winners; Mr. Franklin's mechanical drawing class challenged Miss Macy's art class, but lost by one and one-half pounds. Although Miss Gabriel's class did work alone, it had the cleverest scheme of all.

The pupils made a list of the East Side grocers and gained their permission for boxes and barrels to be placed in the stores for the collection of the peach stones. Some of the artistic members of the class made attractive posters which were placed in the stores, indicating what the barrels were for. Before school was closed for quarantine, four of the boys were collecting the stones and bringing them to school. On account of the quarantine, the stones were not all brought in, so the boys have been collecting them since school has reopened. On the fifth of November, 1,229½ pounds of peach stones and nut shells were taken to the Red Cross headquarters. To November 12th 400 pounds have been brought in by Miss Gabriel's class, and they are still collecting, for the closing date of the campaign has been extended until November 15th.

Miss Gabriel and the class appreciate very much the kindness of the grocers and extend to them many thanks.

Katherine Hargis.

A Hallowe'en Party.

EAST HIGH was thinking only of peach pits the latter part of September and the first of October. On Friday morning of the first week of the "gathering in" there appeared on the bulletin board of Room 120 a challenge from Miss Wood's first-hour class to Miss Bush's first-hour class. The contest was to close on October 15th and the class which lost was to entertain on Friday evening, November 1st. The stones were measured on the day the school closed for the quarantine and Miss Wood's class was the winner.

But the party. On November 1st, at 7:30 p. m., there appeared at the cabin in Union Park a goodly number of boys and girls with their teachers, Miss Wood and Miss Bush. After two or three spirited "get-acquainted" games, a wash-tub filled with water, with apples floating around, was brought in. Miss Wood tried very hard to wash her hair so that she would not be compelled to see the hairdresser the next day. A number of boys succeeded very well with their shampoo but hastily retreated to the stove, at the command of Miss Bush.

Newspapers and pins were then given each couple and they made

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hats, each man for his lady, and each lady for her man. Howard Wicks succeeded in making a very "smart" hat for his lady and won the first prize, a small man dressed in the garb of Hallowe'en. The booby prize, a rattle, was awarded Miss Bush for the charming baby bonnet which crowned Ted Amsden, whose dimples showed very prettily when he smiled.

Then there were the eats—popcorn, cracker-jack, doughnuts and lots and lots of apples. With our overturned hats as plates we received full measure. Leon Hostetter seemed to consume apples so fast that the apple sack was handed over to him; Howard Wicks never refused cracker-jack; Florence Dawson could not find an apple that suited her, they were either too big or too little, or something was wrong; one of the boys was trying to find one for her, but none suited.

But all things must have an end. About ten o'clock we wended our way home. (Most of us had some eats in our pockets.) Eugene Burton carried a large sack in the crook of his arm. The next day he confessed that he never wanted to see cracker-jack again.

Katherine Sherriff.

Let Us be Gardeners.

"LET Us Be Gardeners" is the title of a very clever musical sketch which was written by Charles Tazewell, a student of West High, and is being used to promote interest in the United War Work campaign. Pupils from the three high schools make up the cast. The play is symbolical of the seven organizations which have united to help in this big drive (November 11th to 18th).

The leading characters are David Bolen and Marjorie Mullane, and they deserve commendation for their work. The other members of the cast handle their parts well, and some of them show great possibilities for future work along this line. The solo given by Raymond Harrison is worthy of special mention. The words of this song, entitled "Let Us Give," were written by Mr. Harrison and the music was composed by his sister, Marie Harrison. After hearing the solo by Ray Eddy entitled "Over Here Is Helping Over There," any number of people were humming this catchy little tune. The words were written by Charles Tazewell, music by Homer Huntoon.

The play was presented twenty-five times during the drive and was very popular. To show their appreciation and patriotism, at the Rialto on Tuesday evening a woman from the audience secured the sprinkling-can which was used in the play and passed it through the audience, and when the can was returned it was filled with dollars.

Before ending this article, a few words of praise should be given to Homer Huntoon, who is the accompanist throughout the sketch, and to Miss Pearl Bennett, of the East High faculty, the very capable director. A large part of the success of the play is due to them. There are others on the East High faculty who also contributed to this suc-

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cess. The flower pots used were made in the Manual Training department of East High, under the direction of Mr. Seddon. The decorating was done by the Art department, with Miss Macy in charge. Music was directed by Miss Malin, while Miss Lapham had charge of costumes and properties.

Anyone who fails to see "Let Us Be Gardeners," misses something really worth while.

Lola Thomas, '19.

Cast.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Soldier | David Bolen |
| Spirit of America..... | Marjorie Mullane |
| Y. M. C. A..... | Raymond Harrison |
| Y. W. C. A..... | Marjorie Conrad |
| A. L. A..... | Walter Weissinger |
| J. W. B..... | Robert Eaton |
| K. of C..... | Ray Eddy |
| W. C. C. S..... | Maurine Bredimus |
| Salvation Army | Beulah Miles |

Seeds.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| Helen Janney | Emery Lenning |
| Katherine Jones | Thurston Hatch |
| Bernedine True | Harry Scheek |

Helen Holbert

Accompanist, Homer Huntoon.

Scene: Garden of Humanity.

Miss McBride's Special Class.

I THINK it is altogether fitting and proper that we should recall some of the happy incidents experienced under Miss McBride, who is now doing graduate work at Iowa University.

O Tempora! O Mores! What happy days were those. What wonderful programs we had. We would thunder in fiery eloquence till the building shook, much to the dismay of those listening. In a single paragraph we revealed the history of the past from Caesar to Napoleon. (Our object was to make a speech that would ring down in the centuries.) The audience looked eagerly at their books which would serve as missiles to halt such profound oratory. But Miss McBride listened in patience. When we finished she pointed out the good as well as the bad points.

Then, too, I remember the dramas that we used to stage. Don't I remember when I was alert Uncas on war path? And horror of horrors! I shot a lurking enemy too soon and threw the whole play off.

But Miss McBride never complained. She said that accidents will



happen. And worse than that, she complimented me on being a good Indian. (My! but I felt like thirty cents.)

Then the banquets! These banquets took place about twice a year. The first course consisted of speeches; the second was just like the first, and the third was identical with the second. Did we care? Not a bit. Miss McBride had taught us to use our imagination in theme writing, so we merely put it into practice. But joy of joys! One day Miss McBride treated us to a real banquet of ice cream and cookies. We shall never forget that particular banquet if we live forever and a thousand years after that.

Do not think, however, that dramas, programs and banquets absorbed all our time. Time is too precious for that. Most of the time we worked like Emmets trying to store some knowledge in our brains. Every obstacle was pushed aside; every difficulty cast down. Miss McBride taught us how to outmaneuver that hostile enemy, Failure, and how to drive him back with the spear of hard thinking and the sword of determination. We wish to thank Miss McBride for the real interest that she showed in us. We wish to thank her for the good times we had in her room. We wish to thank her for teaching us to study hard that we might achieve the position in life which we seek. Surely, the name of Miss McBride will always live among us and when we have left East High we will look back to the good times we had in that old class room with pleasure.

Elmer Osberg.

Visiting Day.

EVERY year Miss Goodrell arranged for a Visiting Day on which the parents of students, or friends, could see what was being done in the school. This year the Parent Teachers' Association had charge of it. A contest was arranged between the first-hour classes to see which one could have the highest per cent of representatives here. Miss Gabriel's first-hour class won, with 54 per cent. About one hundred and sixty mothers registered. After school, the mothers stayed for a short program in the assembly room. A United War Worker talked and the little sketch, "Let's Be Gardeners" was given. We hope the mothers enjoyed themselves and will come again some time and see how much we have progressed.



The Junior Red Cross.

AS THE football season is on, we hear a great deal concerning school patriotism. This is a very important part of education. In learning patriotism to school ideals, we learn patriotism of a still higher type, patriotism to the ideals of our country. More than ever before this latter kind is needed at the present, therefore the necessity for the former type increases.

Hitherto it has been possible to show our national patriotism only by supporting the school and its organizations. Last year, however, introduced into our midst a society which enabled us to show directly our patriotism to our government. The Junior Red Cross was inaugurated, and the records established in the first year of its existence will stand long on the list of East High's achievements.

An excellent organization made possible a magnificent start this fall. In charge of the activities this year is an executive committee, selected from the faculty. This consists of Mr. Peterson, chairman; Mrs. Barr, Miss Macy, Mr. Hostetter, Miss Hathaway, Miss Gabriel, Miss Bennett and Mr. Burton. The presence of some of the above names would seem to indicate the possibility of some very interesting assemblies later in the year.

However that may be, under this leadership much has been accomplished. In the sewing classes the girls have produced one thousand and fifty-eight muslin bags, fifty many-tailed bandages and twenty-five T bandages. During the influenza epidemic they answered the urgent call by making eight hundred and forty three-ply gauze masks. Twelve of them helped two hours each at the State Red Cross headquarters. The girls have not done all the work, as we would be led to believe from the above. One hundred boys have also given two hours each at the Red Cross headquarters. Twenty others, laboring two hours apiece for the Liberty Loan committee, accomplished enough to earn a letter of thanks addressed to the school. As a whole, the school gathered one thousand and twenty-nine pounds of peach stones. Figure for yourselves the number of masks this would furnish carbon for. Last but not least important, five hundred magazines were gathered for use at Camp Dodge. There is no doubt but that they will be used.

This is a fine record, but it is only a beginning. The work of the Red Cross continues even since hostilities have ceased. In fact, this work will be more important during the period of reconstruction than it was during war times. All East High students are members, all must support it to the best of their ability. If the work this year does not double that of last year, we have only ourselves to blame. We cannot shift the responsibility onto other shoulders, for it is equally



the duty of all to continue this work to a brilliant finish. The public is familiar with East High's reputation for getting out and doing things. That was established by our predecessors here. Laurel wreaths crown our school at present. Bouquets are thrown at us, but these soon wither, and fresh ones must be won to replace them. Let us all give our best service to this helpful organization.

Military Training.

A CHANGE was made in the curriculum this year that was heartily welcomed by the boys. Military Training was advanced from recreation to work—hard work at that. It is now given each day and is allowed one credit a year. The enrollment has practically doubled, and a great deal of enthusiasm has been exhibited. At present the classes are drilling on close order formations, with setting up exercises sandwiched in. Later, more advanced work will be given, as field work and troop maneuvering.

East High is fortunate in having Mr. Moyer, both as a coach and as an instructor. His ability in both positions cannot be doubted. He has studied football under several of the most famous coaches in the country. He served seven months in the army, being invalided to the hospital with a severe attack of rheumatism. While there he was recommended for an officers' training school but was unable to pass on account of his physical condition. Because the disease affected his heart, he was later given an honorable discharge. He is a great favorite with all the boys who come in personal contact with him, and we hope he will enjoy East High enough to remain with us.

Boys' Athletics.

CHANCES of a championship football team this year were dimmed by the enlistment in the army of several prospective members.

John Handstrom, captain-elect, was one of this number. To replace him, "Shrimp" Strobbridge was selected by his teammates—a wise choice, as was proven in the East-West game. As usual, our team was light and fast. To make up for the lack of weight this year, it possessed to an unusual degree that essential East High qualification, which is sometimes called "fight," but more commonly "pep." Facing in most cases a team superior to them in beef, they always fought, and kept on fighting till the last whistle blew. The defeats they have received have been most honorable.

The first game of the season was with Newton. The team outplayed their opponents the entire length of the game, finishing at the better end of a 30 to 0 score.

The line-up was: McKee, R. E.; Hibbs, R. T.; King, R. G.; Krueger, C.; Johnson, L. G.; Watts, L. T.; Hurst, L. E.; Tew, Q. B.; Sloan, R. H. B.; Strobbridge, L. H. B.; H. Tillotson, F. B.

Substitutes: Little for McKee, Tiegan for Hibbs, Garretson for Sloan, Sloan for Tillotson, Hill for Johnson, Eisenlauer for King, Elman for Watts.



The Davenport Game.

WHEN the team went to Davenport they faced a hard proposition. Sloan had been injured in scrimmage and was out for the rest of the season. Davenport's representatives were a husky set and were among the chief contenders for the state title. With all this against them, the "goose egg" end of a 53 to 0 score was no dishonor. The team did its best throughout the entire game, and nothing more could possibly be asked of them.

The line-up was: McKee, R. E.; Hibbs, R. T.; King, R. G.; Krueger, C.; Johnson, L. G.; Watts, L. T.; Aldera, L. E.; Tew, Q. B.; Hurst, R. H. B. Strobbridge, L. H. B.; H. Tillotson, F. B.

Substitutes: Nielson for King, Hartung for McKee, Holsaple for Johnson, Little for Aldera, Garretson for Hurst, McKee for Garretson.

The Oskaloosa Game.

IN OSKALOOSA East met another heavy team. Oskaloosa tied us last year, and practically the same team returned this year. It was a very close game, with only one touchdown, made by Oskaloosa. The team slightly outplayed their opponents, if either team had any advantage over the other. The final score was 6 to 0 in Oskaloosa's favor.

The line-up was: McKee, R. E.; Hibbs, R. T.; King, R. G.; Krueger, C.; Johnson, L. G.; Watts, L. T.; Aldera, L. E.; Ridgeway, Q. B.; McLees, R. H. B.; Strobbridge, L. H. B.; H. Tillotson, F. B.

Substitutions: Nielson for Johnson, Little for Aldera, Garretson for McLees, Hartung for Little.

East Meets West.

IN A MOST spectacular game on November 9, East defeated her old-time rival, West, 21 to 7. No game could contain more thrills than the twenty-fourth struggle with her opponents from over the river. There were several long runs and other hair-raising plays, but the marvels of the game were East's comeback in the second half and the magnificent race of Strobbridge from one end of the field to the other.

The weather was perfect for this type of sport. It was cold, perhaps a little too cold for the onlookers, and free from the dampness of last year. The stands were not so full as in previous years, as thousands of our enthusiastic fans are now in France. Those who were present, however, exhibited plenty of pep.

East kicked off. For half of the first quarter the ball was kept in West's territory. The team advanced thru several successive punts.

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West gained a little, and when the quarter was over the ball was on West's 42-yard line.

The second quarter was the time when our chances appeared at the lowest ebb. Lair, the West High star who was supposed to smash thru our line any time he wished to do so, made most of West's gains. Slowly, for every yard was hotly contested by our team, West went down the field. Lair's 23-yard run placed the ball within a yard of the goal line, from where it was carried over on the next play for West's lone touchdown. Goal was kicked. The ball seesawed back and forth during the rest of the quarter, with West having a slight advantage.

West started what looked like a triumphal march down the field at the beginning of the second half. With the ball on the 10-yard line, a West man fumbled, and the ball rolled until within 2 yards of the goal line. Strobridge picked it up and started the other way. Dodging almost the entire West team, he broke thru with two men close on his heels. The race down the 98-yard stretch, with the ever-widening distance between our little captain and his pursuers, was a scene not soon to be forgotten by the spectators. It brought the grand stands to their feet with one wild burst of joy. It instilled the confidence into the team and rooters alike that made the victory possible.

After the kickoff, West was gradually pushed back until the ball rested 5 yards from her goal. When she attempted to punt out of danger the kick was blocked, and the ball rebounded directly back of the goal posts. Bob King fell on the ball for a touchdown. Strobridge kicked goal. During the rest of the quarter the team forced its way to West's 7-yard line.

The last quarter began with a double pass, and Aldera crossed the line. Strobridge was successful at goal. A few minutes after the kickoff Strobridge made a 40-yard run. The ball changed hands several times in the next few minutes. A West player succeeded in breaking thru, and with an open field before him started for what seemed certain to be a touchdown. Strobridge gave chase, overhauled him, and downed him with a fancy tackle from behind. West afterwards attempted two dropkicks, but both were failures. No further scoring was made.

The statistics show that East was superior in all departments of the game. Our gains in scrimmage total 40 yards more than those of West. Our gains in forward passes doubled those of West. West was thrown twice as far for loss, and our men returned punts 8 yards farther than their opponents. The game was clearly a victory for East, a fact which is due entirely to the fight and pep of the team, qualities which are called, when applied to war and armies, morale. All members of the team possessed equally this quality. The playing of Tew, Watts, and Hibbs on the defensive was exceptional. While all of the team shared in making blue a most appropriate color for West,



to this year's diminutive captain belongs a lion's share of the honors East's team won. To his management of the team belongs a great deal of the credit of the victory over West. All East High unites in believing him one of the best captains who has ever led her football heroes to battle.

The line-up was as follows:

| EAST. | | WEST. | |
|----------------|----------|-----------|--|
| McKee | R. E. | Coglizer | |
| Hibbs | R. T. | McBride | |
| King | R. G. | Dolan | |
| Krueger | C. | Hadley | |
| Johnson | L. G. | Lawson | |
| Watts | L. T. | Riggs | |
| Aldera | L. E. | Selkirk | |
| Tew | Q. B. | Schee | |
| Strobridge (c) | L. H. B. | Lair | |
| Garretson | R. H. B. | Sloan | |
| Tillotson | F. B. | Ellis (c) | |

Substitutions: Hartung for Aldera, Aldera for Hartung, Neilson for Watts, Ridgeway for Tew, Meany for Johnson, McLees for Garretson, Smith for Sloan.

Debating Society.

PERHAPS the most valuable club in the school, from an educational standpoint is the Boys' Debating Society. Of all accomplishments, that of being able to speak interestingly in public is ultimately most to be desired. There is no better method for the acquirement of this art than that of participating in the activities of this organization.

Unfortunately little interest is shown by those who would thus be benefited. The Monday night meetings are often sparsely attended. Many, of course, cannot attend at that time, but the reason for which many are absent is simply that they believe the programs dry and uninteresting, and therefore are not present. Others do not wish to make the effort of participating in the debates, and cannot see the result ensuing from that effort. They are all mistaken, for the programs are always interesting, while the importance of the effect on the debater himself cannot be estimated. It is worth the while of all boys who can possibly do so to join the society.

Two meetings have been held so far this year, during which officers were elected, committees chosen, and new members voted in. A meeting will be held every Monday evening.

The following committees will hold office during four sessions: Program: Philip Wharton, chairman; George Truman, Carl Sixberry.



Absence: Earl Kalp, Paul Fowler, Walter Kuefner. Membership: Ransom Wright, Harold Hanson.

These new members have been voted in: Neal Holsaple, Otho Van Gordon, Albert Krueger, Ted Anthony, Carl Jaegar, Harold Sixberry, Graham Northrup, Willis Parsons, George Curran, Stuart Ball, Vernon Hanger.

Student Friendship Club.

THERE is an organization in East High School whose good work is probably not known to the student body as a whole. However, it is always in the minds of those who are profiting by its services. This organization is the "Student Friendship Club," which is the Girls' High "Y" organized into two groups, one under the general leadership of Miss Lapham, and the other of Miss Malin.

The general club meetings occur every first and third Tuesday in the month. On the alternate Tuesdays are committee and cabinet meetings.

The officers of the clubs are as follows:

Group I: President, Margaret Kruse; vice president, Emma Louise Anderson; secretary, Violet Paden; treasurer, Vernal Stenstrom.

Group II: President, Ruth Gould; vice president, Beulah Scovel; secretary, Grace Ryan; treasurer, Lillie Nelson.

Each club has four main committees. They are organized as follows:

Group I: Membership committee: Chairman, Hazel Frey; faculty adviser, Miss Hathaway.

Group II: Membership committee: Chairman, Marjorie Conrad; faculty adviser, Miss Cummings.

Group I: Service committee: Chairman, Mabel Burnett; faculty adviser, Miss Turner.

Group II: Service committee: Chairman, Lorna Kimberling; faculty adviser, Miss Nickle.

Group I: Social committee: Chairman, Marjorie Green; faculty adviser, Miss Schooler.

Group II: Social committee: Chairman, Ruby Crowe; faculty adviser, Miss Macy.

Group I: Program committee: Chairman, Thelma Williams; faculty adviser, Miss Barge.

Group II: Program committee: Chairman, Alice Ahrens; faculty adviser, Miss Wolfe.

The members of these clubs are trying to make school pleasant for those who are having a struggle to get along. The girls are always ready to lend a hand in any service at all times. The Blue Triangle, the emblem of the Y. W. C. A., stands for those things as well as wholesome recreation. We are striving to maintain in East High School this emblem, whose sides and face represent spirit, mind, and body.

Grace Ryan, Secretary.



Activities of the Friendship Club.

NO ONE will ever know just how much the Y. W. C. A. has done to help, not only in this war, but at all times. It cares not for sect nor creed, but welcomes anyone who wishes its fellowship. To women and girls, it means the same as the Y. M. C. A. means to the men and boys. Besides giving enjoyment to others, the two groups have had many delightful picnics and wiener roasts held during the past summer at the various city parks.

Our Service Committee proved itself worthy of the name last summer, not only in taking food to poor people, but in adopting a destitute colored family.

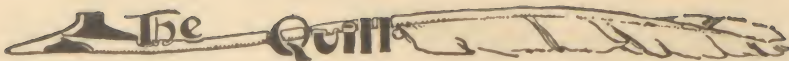
The rallies at the Y. W. C. A. rooms, Ninth and High streets, were a constant source of pleasure for all who attended, giving them an opportunity for getting acquainted with the other members and also for introducing to their mothers the privileges of the organization.

Along with the pleasures of the Y, there is also much work. The splendid way in which the girls responded to the call for help from 542 Walnut street deserves much credit. The work consisted of folding circulars, addressing and stamping envelopes, and some stenography. Every request for assistance was answered by willing volunteers and a great deal of aid was given at the Y. W. during the past months in doing whatever work was needed, showing again the splendid spirit of the girls.

Another one of the pleasures of vacation, was the trip to Lake Geneva, to a girls' camp, chaperoned by the Y. W. C. A. The girls who went all said they had never had a happier time, and came back satisfied that there were finer girls in the Y. W. C. A. than they had ever dreamed there were anywhere.

This ended the activities for the summer, and when school started we succeeded in having one meeting and had only started to get thoroughly organized when the quarantine disrespectfully interrupted our plans. The work of the faculty advisers during the quarantine shows plainly what splendid leaders we have for they spent hours and hours in scrubbing up dirty families, and in carrying food to the unfortunate. At the influenza headquarters their self-sacrificing work has been recommended more than once, by the women in charge. A strenuous day was also spent at Camp Dodge serving the nurses in the canteens. When the ban was finally lifted, we all came back to school ready for work.

The first regular meeting was held November 5th, and in spite of the fact that everyone was busy, we had a splendid attendance. The program was begun with a song, "For Your Boy and My Boy," and the business of the club was briefly gone over. Miss Jordan, Girls' Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., gave a very interesting and inspiring talk, after



which we went home, feeling more enthusiastic over the work of the Y than ever before.

Just now, we have before us the comparatively small task of raising a large part of one hundred dollars for the fund which goes to pay the salaries of the Y workers in China. The terrible need for physical directors there is unbelievable, and the girls will do their very best to raise this sum, and to do this each has pledged fifty cents to be given upon her birthday. Every month, there will be a party for the girls whose birthdays come in that month. The party for October and November was given at the home of Marjorie Green, November 7th. Such a delightful afternoon was spent that we hope we have birthdays every month. Miss Miller, our physical director of the Y. W. C. A., gave us a talk in which she pictured to us the immediate needs for aid in China. Miss Malin led the singing and later confessed that her birthday, too, was in this month. About fifty girls were present.

The pageant at the Auditorium was made doubly effective with the help of eight or twelve girls from the two Friendship groups. The club is open to memberships from now on, and any girl wanting to help make East High a more enjoyable place and also to give to the community something worth while should become a member of the Student Friendship Club of the Y. W. C. A.

Parent-Teachers' Association.

THE Parent-Teachers' Association, a most prominent organization in East High, is made up of the sixty-five faculty members and the parents of the students.

The officers are: President, Mrs. C. C. Shope; vice president, Mrs. A. G. Hostetter; secretary, Mrs. W. A. Carr; treasurer, Mrs. Amos Ball; corresponding secretary, Mrs. I. N. Hiatt; delegate to Des Moines Council of Parent-Teachers' Association, Mrs. Wm. Shoemaker; alternate, Mrs. H. C. Hansen. Committee chairmen: Social, Mrs. J. N. Albright; program, Mrs. Bert McKee; welfare, Mrs. Allen Peterson, Mrs. Ellis Englebeck, Miss Edna Poorbaugh, Mr. P. B. McNerney, Mrs. Wm. Spry.

The meeting of this organization is held the second Tuesday of each month at three o'clock in the Music Room. A special chairman has charge of each meeting. When they have a social meeting a hostess is appointed to take charge. At one meeting, held October 7, a lecture was given by Miss Ada Hershey, superintendent of the Visiting Nurses' Association. Her subject was, "Does Not the Serious Dearth of Nurses of Today Demand a Course in Home Nursing in Our Public Schools?" She illustrated her talk by referring to the great "flu" epidemic.

The main object of this organization is to bring parents and teachers together in order that they may plan for the welfare of pupils, teachers, and parents.



Orchestra.

THE organization of the Orchestra is practically completed in spite of the fact that many of last year's members graduated in the spring, and also that several prospects are out for football, and therefore cannot harmonize their schedule with the two-thirty orchestra practice. Though the volume of the music may not be as great as formerly, it is certain the quality, which is more important, has not suffered; in fact, it has most probably improved.

Nevertheless, if there are any freshmen or others who can play musical instruments of any kind, it is their obvious duty to make known their talent, and not hide it under a bushel. We can all testify to the superior grade of music furnished us on the Fourth Liberty Loan Day by orchestra members. Taking this as an example of the work of this organization, we should feel that it is certainly worthy of the support of East High.

Music for the Girls.

THE girls of last year's Glee Club are meeting once a week with Mr. Smith. The unusual amount of vacation this fall has interfered with regular practice, but from now on this organization expects to provide its share of entertainment for East High.

Any other girls in East High desiring music meet Mondays at two-thirty in the Music Hall with Miss Malin. From this group a new Glee Club will be organized later in the year. Already a double quartet is under way as well as other groups which will provide numbers on programs for Fort Des Moines and Camp Dodge under the War Camp Community Service.

Boys' Glee Club.

ON ACCOUNT of the quarantine the Boys' Glee Club has not progressed as rapidly in its work as might be expected. They now intend to make up for lost time as much as possible.

Mr. Smith, who has charge of the club, seems to think that there is a lot of good material in it. He and the members of the club are exceedingly enthusiastic about the work.

The Boys' Glee Club has not been so successful as could be desired the last few years on account of the lack of spirit shown by the boys, but this year the club is composed of the right kind of fellows and from all indications this season promises to be the best the club has known for several years.

So far this year it has only had two meetings, but much work has been accomplished in this short time. The meetings are held in the Music Room from eight to eight-thirty every Friday morning. Come and have a good sing.



Alumni.

ONE of the alumni said the other day that as soon as the members were graduated they drifted out of the school life and were forgotten, but East High differs.

Jean Carroll, Clair Thomas, Jeanette Cohen and Marie Edwards, all of the class of '18, are attending Drake University, while Beulah Park and Sylvia Wilkins, also of '18, are going to Des Moines College.

Most of the '18 class decided to go farther away to school. However, Robert King, George Mahoney, Robley Winfrey, Forest Yoders, Allen Hobson, Raymond Boberg, Richard Shope, Glenn Redington and Dorothy Twitchell are at Ames.

Those at Iowa City are Garland Selby, Leona Dietz, Fred Phillips, Tom McDonnell and John Hutchings.

Several members of the last graduating class are "over there with Uncle Sam." William Kelso is with the Rainbow Division.

Early in September William Havner sailed for France.

Paul Schaffer is with the Royal Flying Corps in England.

A number of the class have enlisted but are still in the United States. Lyle Olson is stationed at Camp Dodge, where he has just recovered from an attack of the "flu."

Ferd Krueger is at the Naval Training Station in North Carolina.

Dee McCullough has been sent to New York from the Great Lakes Training Station.

Maurine Shaw and Eva Garrett are spending their time at home this year.

Genevieve Hanger, '18, and Elizabeth Johnson, '18, are back at East High taking the intensive course.

Dorothy Haddick, '18, is employed at the Norwood-White Coal Company.

Iva Love, '18, is at the Emerson-Brantingham Implement Company.

Edna Sargent, '18, is with the Equitable Life Insurance Company.

Fred Mathis, '18, is at the post office.

Gladys Mathis, '18, is working in the County Superintendent's office.

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Lily Goldenison, '18, is employed at the City Railway Company.

Elinor Randolph, '18, is private secretary to Mr. Burton.

Fanchon Royer, '18, is to appear at the Garden soon in "Puppy Love."

Fleeta Heller, '18, is teaching school in the Farar district.

Sydney Shepard, '17, was at home recently for a short furlough from Camp Funston, Kan. He is in the 114th Ordnance Depot Company.

Doris Hanger, '15, is teaching school at Fairfield, Iowa.

Helen and Bessie Winfrey, '16, are teaching school.

Harry Stieglitz, '16, is employed at the Home Savings Bank.

Louise Knop, '17, has accepted the position of artist in the advertising department at Harris-Emery's.

Dorothy Woods, '16, is continuing her studies at Drake University.

Paul Troeger, '17, is at Grinnell again this year.

Margaret Schaffer has assumed a new name, that of Mrs. Craditt.

Mary Wright, '16, is teaching school.

Orville Ellis, '16, is employed by the Standard Oil Company.

Carl Juline has joined the navy.

Lela Lingenfelter, '16, is going to Drake University again this year.

Audrine Patterson is starting her second year as librarian in East High.

Madeline Williams, '18, is staying at home this year.

Helen Moody, '17, is a stenographer at the Lehman Piano Company.

Fay Moody, '14, has joined the navy.

East High had a glimpse of "Chuck" Crowe a few days ago, when he was home on a furlough.

Ruth Vigars is employed in the law department at the city hall as a stenographer.

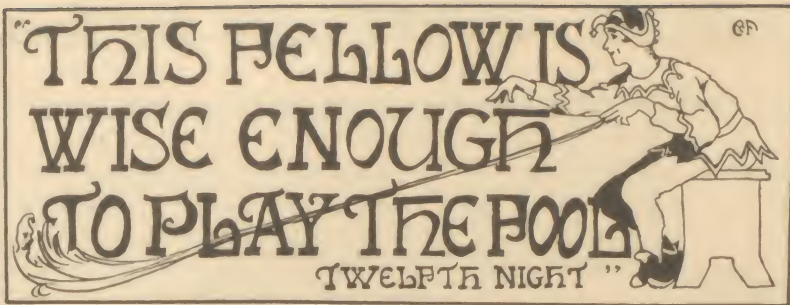
Elinor Slingerland, '17, is a librarian in Portland, Ore.

Geraldine Wills, '18, has been employed since last June as stenographer for the Child Research Station, of Iowa City. Her work has been under the immediate direction of Dr. Meanes in this city.

Marian Hill, '17, is in the employ of the Great Western as assistant ticket agent.

SARAH LELAND.

To all of the older students of East High, as well as to the class of '18, the news of Sarah Leland's death came with sincere sorrow. For years she had planned to be a nurse and entered training immediately following her graduation last June. Although not strong, she was most faithful, and was seeing her way to the realization of greater service when she was taken suddenly ill and died but a few days after. The pupils of the high school wish to extend to her family and the class of '18 their deep sympathy.



Jokes.

Mr. McColgan: "I am certainly glad this book has a large appendix."

Mr. Bingham (most sympathetically): "If that is so, it will have to undergo an operation."

A certain Senior boy uses such obnoxiously strong perfume that a certain delicate maiden was almost overcome when seated near him for a time in the library. Even in the next period some one asked Miss Patterson who had been throwing gas shells. Will some Senior maiden please advise W. W. on future toilet requisites befitting an up-to-the-minute gentleman?

Miss Gabriel: "No one can get typewriting paper in the office now unless he has an innocent looking face."

Emery L.: "Why, I got some!"

A NEW AUTHOR COMES TO LIGHT.

Has anyone seen Ruby's "Deserted Village?"

IS THIS A TRUE PROPHECY?

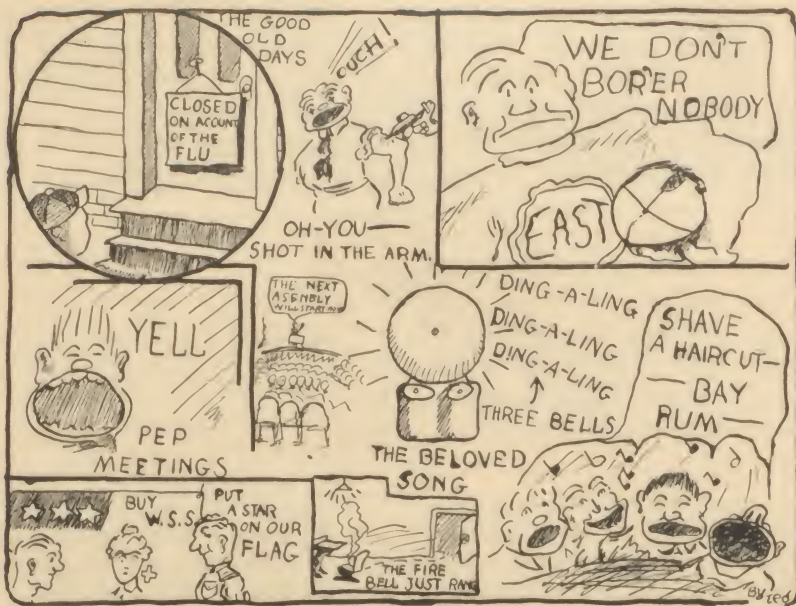
One English class has recently been studying Irving's Stratford-on-Avon. A number of the pupils said that they would enjoy a visit to that historic place at some future date. When the teacher asked if there were now in that village any points of interest they would like to see, George McKim, evidently having a hazy idea of European geography, answered, "Yes, the ruins of Berlin."

FOR JUST ONCE F. H. HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

Mr. Moyer (calling a roll): "Number 3, your name?"

Number 3: "Er, ah, oh, I don't—ah, Fridolf Hanson, sir."

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"Papa, I brought my report home from school and I want you to sign it."

"All right, son, as soon as I finish dinner I will look at it. How many ones did you get?"

"Just one this time."

His sister spoke up, "Yes, daddy, he did get a one, but that one was for being tardy "once."

"A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING" (FOR FRESHMEN).

Miss Newcomb: "Is there anyone in the study room who is out of the room any day except for laboratory?"

Small Freshman: "Yes."

Miss N.: "Where, please?"

Freshy: "In the library."

"Do you eat this period?"

(Would-be humorous Freshman): "No, I eat my lunch."

Harold McCullis (discussing "Silas Marner"): "The peddler had big ear rings in his face."

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OVERHEARD ON THE MORNING AFTER OUR FIRST BIG PEACE JUBILEE PARADE.

Small-sized boy loaded with books: "Oh! life was worth living yesterday!"

Miss Cummings: "I feel just like an empty pepper box."

Mr. Harris: "Well, I have not collected all my mind yet."

Miss Turner (pointing to her head): "I am sane up here today, but I am rather wobbly from so much parade."

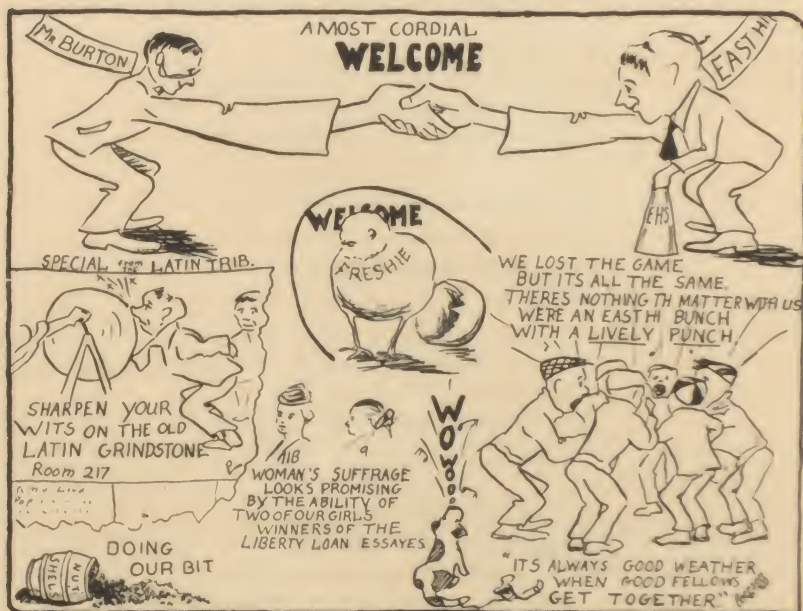
Unknown girl: "I feel rather lively yet."

Mr. Constant: "Nothing doing today, I couldn't do anything more. I'll be tired for two months after yesterday's jubilee."

NO PRIVATE CODE.

Miss C., interested in knowing how The Quill subscriptions tallied after reports were all in, called hastily to Mr. McColgan as he was leaving, "How are you tonight?"

"761" came the reply, perfectly plain to the questioner, but very puzzling to Mr. Bingham, who overheard all, but understood nothing, and straightway began to call Mr. M. to account for such a "crazy" answer to a perfectly plain, straightforward question.



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George: "I don't think I should get zero on this test paper."

Miss B.: "Neither do I, but that's the lowest I can give you."

Three girls in Miss Malin's third hour study class were talking out loud when she came hurrying into the room. She looked at them and said, "Sh! This is not a study period," and this was truer than she suspected.

A SONG OF THRIFT STAMPS.

Sing a song of Thrift Stamps,
Sixteen in a row;
Take them to an agent
With nineteen cents or so;
Change them for a War Stamp,
And for your energy
You'll get a crisp five-dollar bill
In nineteen twenty-three.

HOW IT GOES.

The colonel tells the major
When he wants something done;
And the major tells the captain
And gets him on the run.

The captain thinks it over,
And, to be sure and follow suit,
Passes the buck and baggage
To some shave-tail second lieutenant.

The said lieutenant ponders,
And strokes his downy jaw;
Then summons his trusty sergeant,
And to him lays down the law.

The sergeant calls the corporal,
Just to see what he can see,
And the corporal tells the private,
And that poor blamed private's—ME!



ARMY ALPHABET.

A is for army, America, too;
B for the barracks, and beans that they stew;
C colonel, corporal, captain and camp;
D is dismissed and days that are damp;
E is for eats, and our own education;
F is for flowery France, a great nation;
G for the guardhouse, we don't care to find;
H for hearts and the homes left behind;
I is for indoors and Italy fair;
J for jazz and a jump in the air;
K that's for kaiser, and kultur we'll kill;
L that's for "left face" and "lights out" for Bill;
M for moustaches and money and mess;
N for the needles and all your new dress;
O is for orchestra, playing like mad;
P for the pass that will oft make you glad;
Q is for quickness and quarters and quiet;
R is for retreat, reveille, and not riot;
S stands for semaphore, signal and song;
T for telephone talk—short and long;
U for U. S. and U-boats we've sunk;
V for the VICTORY toast that we've drunk;
W's for war, woman's courage revealed;
X for the cross that we've won on the field;
Y is for the Yankees, our nation defend;
Z is for "Zippy," and that is the end.

THIS MEANS YOU.

The kaiser had no respect for "a scrap of paper." Uncle Sam has. He knows that saving scraps of paper means saving for the war work. Don't waste paper.—Ex.

OUR FIRST CASUALTY.

"How did you get hurt?" asked the doctor of the American soldier in France, as he slowly recovered consciousness.

"Well," was the reply, sheepishly given, "the last thing I remember was telling a British Tommy that we Americans had come over here to start the war."



Our Policy.

EAST HIGH stands first, foremost, and all the time for democracy and democratic ideals. This is the spirit of East High and it is our ardent desire to keep it such. Furthermore, we intend, through The Quill, to create and to urge individual expression, so that The Quill will be a representation truly typical of East High. Don't get the mistaken idea that because you haven't attained to that high and noble position known as the Seniors, that The Quill is not your paper. It is; and it is you who make The Quill. The staff is here merely to help you make it better. We want you to feel that you are a necessary and vital part of our school paper. The Quill is irrevocably for East High. YOU are East High; hence The Quill is for YOU. Let's all help to make it so. If you are willing, it will be easy to make this possible. The Quill is your representative in school life. East High is judged by The Quill. That means that we must, through our paper, keep our standards high—EAST HIGH. And surely when a paper is as widely known as The Quill, it is an issue worth striving to make successful. And since success comes only by effort, it is up to you to contribute freely and willingly. How about it, students; will you help?

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